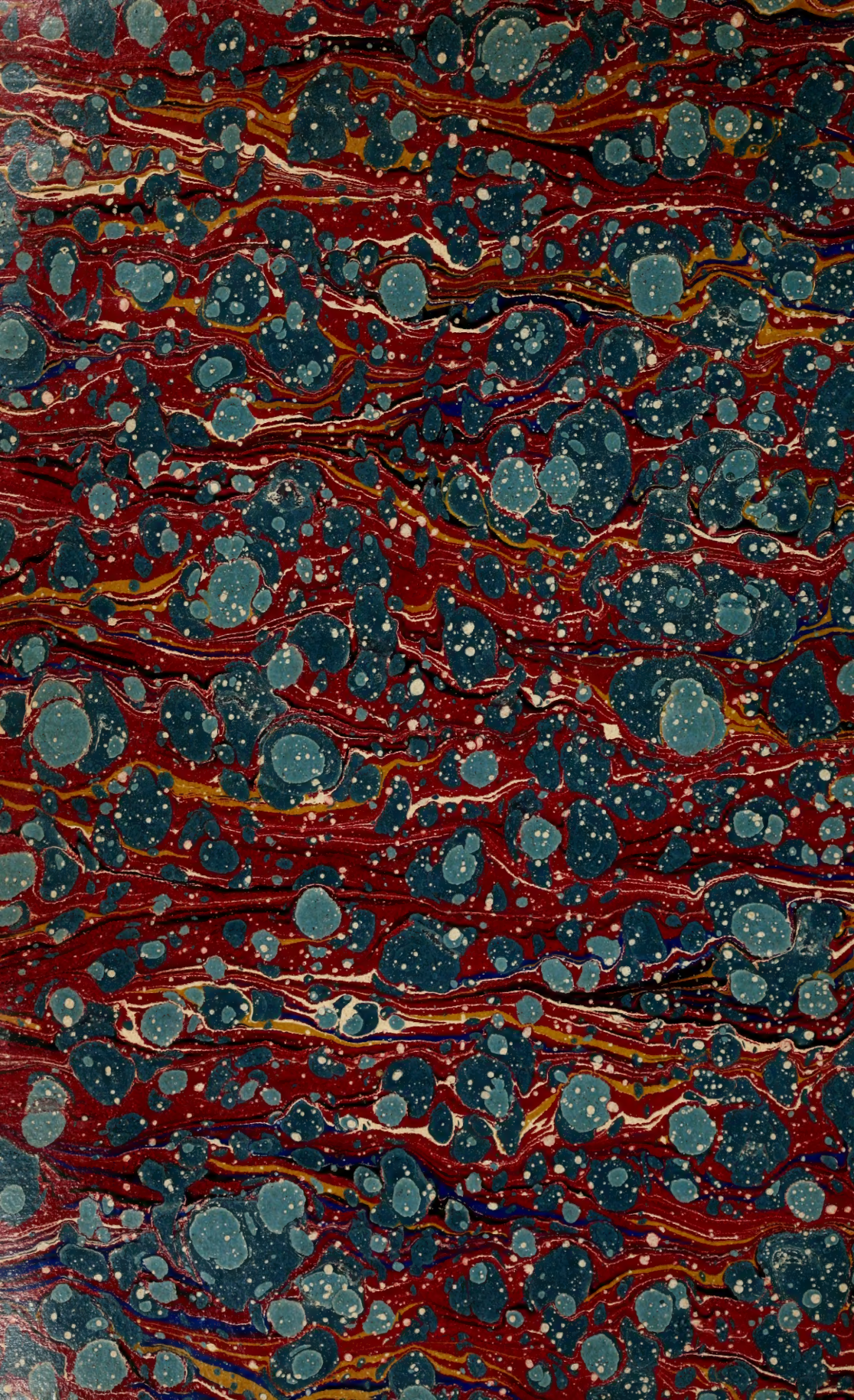






P
HE
O

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

The Onlooker

A Monthly Review of Current
Events—Canadian and General

Vol. I—No. 4 TORONTO, AUGUST, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party  The People

Contents

Sir Robert Borden.

Financial Megalomania.

The Irish Vote in the United
States.

Nominating the President.

The New Premier.

The Peril.

Causes of Unrest in Ireland.

ONLOOKER PUBLISHING COMPANY
14 SHEPPARD STREET
TORONTO

NOT
PARTY

THE ONLOOKER

THE
PEOPLE

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Monthly Review of Current Events—Canadian and General

Vol. 1—No. 4

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1920

Price—20 Cents

SIR ROBERT BORDEN

WE are not going to enter the lists with those who have started eulogizing the work of Sir Robert Borden. At a time when he sorely needed appreciation and encouragement *The Onlooker* paid his slender meed of praise in more than one article in *Saturday Night*, and predicted that, if the Premier should be finally forced to resign through ill-health, the very papers which were, at that time, attacking him would be filled with flattering notices and regrets. This is precisely what has occurred. The wheel has come full turn.

Following the Armistice and in consequence of the inevitable reaction and lethargy that supervened on four years of intense nervous excitement, people all over the world grew unreasonable in their criticisms of existing institutions. The process of slowing down was distasteful; the blank pause became well-nigh intolerable; life became empty, unreal, almost uninteresting. We had indulged in wildly extravagant hopes of what would result from peace, and when the great natural forces went on in the same steadfast way and we discovered that the basic facts of our humanity remained unchanged, we were filled with a sullen resentment. What in our hearts we wanted was a new Heaven and a new earth, and because the government, beset with a thousand cares and anxieties consequent on sudden demobilization and the care of the returned soldier, did not immediately pass them over to us, as you might pass a pound of sugar over the counter, we complained and criticized. As a consequence of this irrational attitude the Union Government, which was formed in a moment of high patriotic emotion, came in for the most unreasonable, the most senseless and stupid criticism ever levelled against the Supreme Executive. And in this campaign of slander and lies Sir Robert Borden was included. That in the end he succeeded in living it all down, and now goes out of office with the hearty good wishes of all is a tribute to his strength and tenacity of character.

Sir Robert Borden is now a private citizen and his work has passed into history. Doubtless, a hundred years from now, historians will carry on sharp disputes as to the meaning of this or that measure and its subsequent effect on the general national development. Historians are born controversialists and are very fallible. We who are contemporaries of the greatest event in all human

history (the war is not yet ended) may well smile in anticipation, because we know that of settled, clear-cut policy there is not now, nor has there been since the outbreak of hostilities, the slightest evidence whatsoever. What we are up against, and what we have all along been up against is—Chaos. “Darkness has covered the earth and gross darkness the people.” We have all, governments and people alike, been opportunists, and we are opportunists at this hour.

Something bigger than the puny will of man—something demonic, cosmic—took possession of the human race around 1914 and shook it as a terrier shakes a rat, and is still shaking it. Since that fateful day in August we have been living from hand to mouth; and not only we in Canada but every people under the wide sky. Consider Europe at this hour! Conference after Conference and nothing settled!

What the average man, impatient with the slow movement of government, loses sight of is, that forces—intellectual, emotional, social—have been unloosed, as a result of a vast, world-wide upheaval, which it may take a full century to allay—not less than that! Politicians all over the world—in England and the United States no less than Canada—have been forced and are being forced to acquiesce in a necessitated policy of drift. We are waiting on something—we know not what. Sea-anchors are the order of the day. There is no escape from it. Humanity is in no mood to come into heel like a well-trained dog and carry on in the old conventional way.

We have put the interval of adjustment at a century; but students of history know that the Reformation was followed by at least two centuries of wild intellectual, social and spiritual unrest.

The result of Luther’s defiance of the Papacy, and the liberation of the secular life of Europe from the unbearable thralldom of Rome, was a vast unsettlement. One need only mention the peasants’ revolt under John of Leyden (Bolshevism with a spiritual basis), the persecution of the Hussites in Bohemia, the Thirty Years’ War, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to make this point clear. In a sense the effects of the Reformation are still being felt in Ireland and, to some extent, in Canada. Ultra-Montanism and Orangeism are the heirs in the tail male.

The war came upon the world like a cloud-burst, and the average politician found himself suddenly in mid-stream, half-choked and blinded and, like a bewildered swimmer, glad of a plank or half-plank on which to float. Virgil’s incomparable description of the shipwreck in the first book of the Aeneid might well stand as a true picture of the actual situation of the world after the retreat from Mons. When all was darkness and doubt how was it possible to sit down and calmly draw up policies as to the future? There was a grim possibility that there might be no future for free men,

for many a long day at least. At such a time the only course to follow was to do the day's work by the day's light and let the future go. Everything but the winning of the war had to be held in abeyance. The future was sombre. Clouds and darkness were indeed the habitation of that Being, of whom each one is the self-conscious child. We could but work and fight and endure and pray to the end. Governments could but carry on. We had all been plunged, as it were, into an acid bath, and the lines of nobility and meanness came out intensified on every human face.

The awful conflict went on. By 1917 the mind of man had become insensitive to horror. It was simply impossible for even the most compassionate to take in more. Our senses refused to react even to the obscene and the bestial. Casualty lists lost their power to perturb—save on the ensuing morrow of some terrible assault. The murder of Nicholas, his wife and gloriously beautiful children, with every accompaniment of sordidness and savagery, which would have drawn words of incomparable eloquence from Burke, was accepted as only one item in a long list of atrocities. We know that thousands are dying of starvation and wounds at this hour and, knowing, give ourselves up to "the trivial round and common task."

The truth is that Nature is intent, and has been for a long time, on preserving the sanity of the race. She has short-circuited horror in order that mankind may start to build anew, it is to be hoped, a fairer and more lasting civilization. It is literally true of vast multitudes of the human family that all is lost but the power of recuperation. The war was to make everything right; but, as a matter of fact, the war has left everything at sixes and sevens. No revelation has come down from Heaven; no angel has troubled the pool; the pinnacles and towers of the City of God have been blotted out by the mists of an almost universal selfishness; or obliterated in an eclipse of faith. The crank, the shallow theorist, the men and women of unstable mentality are enjoying their Golden Age. The newspapers (with a few honorable exceptions) have become but the daily megaphones of unrest and the desire for constant change and excitement on the part of the people. Mob-hysteria is studied with the cunning of the German Propaganda Bureau simply to increase the circulation and so the dividends. Can it be denied? Even the heads of our great universities (the last citadels of defence against commercial barbarism) are appointed, not for supreme achievements in scholarship but to draw students and increase endowments—in other words, for business ability.

There is no real cause for despair. The race has gone through these fire-baptisms many times and has always emerged stronger and, on the whole, wiser. Just as during the war the forces of innate nobility beat into the dust and cowed the inherited forces

of evil; so will it be through the future years. Courage, loyalty and honor, intensified on the field of battle and living now in the hearts of hard-featured, thin-lipped, chastened men, will, in time—once this debauch of Hedonism is ended—again assert themselves. And not these alone; but, in addition, that great multitude in civil life who unfalteringly held to the last ideal left—a touching, beautiful faith, if not in God in all cases, still in the unconquerable valor of their breed. These, in true brotherly union, in their own day and hour will sweep into obscurity the seven devils of political hypocrisy, commercial avarice, class-selfishness, noisy megalomania, shallow sciolism, social envy, and red-eyed anarchy which at present menace our national security, happiness and prosperity.

We assert that the sudden change of front against the Union Government, following the Armistice, was the most irrational and inexcusable thing that ever took place in our history as a people. We seemed to forget, almost over-night, the terrible mental, emotional and physical strain endured by those, fallible like ourselves, on whose shoulders we had placed the most awful responsibility ever transferred from one human group to another. Because these men, tied down to their desks by tasks that might well appal a Hercules and bound together by a gentleman's agreement, did not go about the country castigating their detractors, we were prepared to believe (at least many were) that all the idle charges of incompetence, corruption and lethargy were true. Sir Robert Borden and his Cabinet gave the country a chance to rise into the atmosphere of non-partisanship and so lay the foundation of a nobler conception of politics. It is not to his discredit that the experiment failed, but to ours. There are some mistakes of judgment which belong in that last category of nobility upon which the race perpetually draws for its comfort and guidance as it stumbles along the dimly lit pathway of human destiny.

We do not envy the present-hour advocates of group-selfishness and disunion—the U.F.O., the U.F.A., the U.G.G., the Quebec Nationalists, the bitter partisan rump of a once noble movement. We heartily despise them, and we venture to predict that, when what they seek is truly envisaged, the people of Canada will rise in their wrath and smite them hip and thigh and preserve inviolate the sacred unity of the Canadian people. In that hour Sir Robert Borden will come into his own, and history will ratify the verdict of the Commonwealth.

And now we will go back a little. At the outbreak of the war Sir Robert Borden had two courses open to him. Had he been a bitter and incorrigible partisan he would have taken advantage of the situation and gone to the country on but one issue, and he would have been overwhelmingly sustained. Had he followed this course the Conservative party would have been preserved intact,

and would have been undivided at this hour and in complete control of the political situation. It would, in fact, be in the same position as the Republican party found itself at the close of the Civil War, and secure of office for a long term of years. There are many Conservatives who deeply regret that he did not take this course. It was open to him. But he, and those associated with him, decided otherwise.

For the first two years it was veritably a Truce of God at Ottawa. Would that it might be so again, for the times are even more perilous! At any rate, we had during the first tumultuous crisis a virtual cessation of political strife. Sir Wilfrid Laurier played his part with magnanimity and nobleness, and it will always be remembered to his credit. Sir Robert's position was one of great delicacy. His political opponent was held in high esteem; was visibly ageing; was entitled to most profound consideration. All went well at first; the co-operation was perfect up to a certain point; and had Sir Wilfrid agreed to Conscription no election would have taken place. Then a situation arose so frightful in its possibilities of disaster that Conscription became imperative. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a faithful few refused to yield the principle of voluntary enlistment—Quebec was almost unanimously against it. Sir Robert Borden might there and then have made it a party measure, and, had he done so, he would have been triumphantly sustained at the polls. He refused to do so and he was right, if there is any such thing as right in the world. Whatever may be his faults and limitations, he rose at a moment of supreme temptation into the clear, pure air of statesmanship.

The inner history of the steps that led up to his final decision may some day be written. If so that record will reveal a quiet, cool, somewhat phlegmatic man, without a shred of the sensational in his composition, following without misgiving what he believed to be the leading of conscience and honor. Not once but twice he uttered the stern words, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" To him, at any rate, the taunt of the French king, bellowed from the saddle at a general who arrived too late to be of use or service, does not apply, "Go hang thyself, monsieur! We fought a great fight at Arles and thou wert not there!" Can this be said of one who aspires to be his successor?

We do not believe that had Sir Robert Borden foreseen the results of that decision—the crude, mean and unpatriotic group-selfishness which is infecting our blood like a virus—he would have faltered on his course. Such Realists as he are after all the true Idealists. They begin at the near end, and leave to rhetoricians the cheap task of describing in bombastic language all the good things that are sure to follow provided a certain panacea for human woe be unanimously adopted by a standing vote—the resolvers that the kingdom of God be at once established on earth.

It may be that, in the next election, group-selfishness will succeed in overthrowing settled ordered government and section-alism triumph. The outlook is in some respects sinister. It is just possible that had the Conservative party remained intact (and necessarily the Liberal party also) we would not at this hour be confronted with the spectre of disunion. It is within the bounds of legitimate speculation to assume that the future historian will seize on the formation of the Union Government as the true cause of a period of wild political unrest, and that he will draw sage conclusions as to the danger of interfering with deep-seated traditional loyalties and prejudices. Time alone will reveal. When the terminal bud is destroyed the tree always throws out lateral branches and, of these, one in time takes upon itself the function of the lost member. What is clear is that the Conservative party is divided and, as a Conservative party, is without a leader. But the Liberal party is even more cruelly divided. The loyal Liberals are still the loyal Liberals and glory in the course they pursued. The blandishments of King and Dewar have so far failed to bewitch either the farmers or the Laborites. Out of this curiously mixed political situation one fact emerges: The new party represents national solidarity as opposed to section-alism and disunion. Long before the date of the next election arrives this will be abundantly clear to all the people of Canada. If they want group-government, with the Crerar, Drury and the radical labor leaders of the type of Simpson and Ivens in command of a crazy raft, with Quebec, because of its racial and religious solidarity, in a position to dictate, they may have it for the voting. The issue is plain. The fog has lifted, and the lines on which the battle must be fought are perfectly apparent. It is for the people to decide.

Be all this as it may! One thing is very clear: In forming the Union Government and sinking all petty differences in order to help win the fight for freedom, Sir Robert Borden played the part of a great Canadian and of a noble patriot. His wise words of counsel and hope to his followers on his retirement ought surely to fill every true Canadian with the determination to keep One and Indivisible a form of government that shall represent, not the crude selfishness of any particular class or classes, but the rule of absolute justice for the whole people.

Time will but add to Sir Robert's laurels; and into the quiet of his library—now "Dukedom large enough"—and the sacred intimacies of his home he will carry the heartfelt love of a truly grateful people.

FINANCIAL MEGALOMANIA

WE are all suffering from self-hypnosis in the matter of money. The average man, whose budget is slender enough and who has to think and plan shrewdly so as to keep out of debt, imposes

no bar on himself when it comes to national expenditures. There he allows himself to think freely in millions, billions even. There is a sort of exhilaration about this financial liberation of soul. Of all these millions he may never touch a penny. No matter! He has a vague sense of belonging to a tremendous going concern—the country—and prates glibly on about the colossal sums—which, by the way, are causing our financiers to lie awake o' nights—with the financial irresponsibility of a Falstaff. It is a sort of euthanasia. Everything is big. The war was big; the preparation for and carrying along bigger; the debt biggest of all. Even Lord Leverhulme speaks, almost slightly and disparagingly, of the thirty-two billions odd which Great Britain must liquidate if she is to remain solvent. It would almost seem as though the average person had forgotten that debts must be paid, and, that, even when deferred, they go on eating up the solid results of industry at an alarming rate. It is the beginning of the end when an individual or a nation begins to pay interest from the proceeds of fresh loans. The end of that sort of thing is general bankruptcy. Yet it is hard to see how certain nations can escape this fate.

Of course, those who talk repudiation of debt are mad. Were Canada, *e.g.*, to dishonor its bonds what would follow would be this: The national assets, *i.e.*, money available for business in all its various forms, would cease to exist to the extent of two thousand millions. National bankruptcy would follow, and the credit of the country would sink so low that it is doubtful if it would recover in a century of time. The bonds are simply a diversion of the interest stream into the coffers of the government. Actually there is no such thing as a government debt; there is only the people's debt. The true after-curse of war is, that it necessitates the constant diversion of vast sums, which otherwise would remain in private hands and augment in volume, into the non-interest-bearing field. This is why all nations are so anxious to reduce debt. If too large a portion of the total national income is diverted in unproductive directions the whole business world suffers from financial stagnation. Credit is an exceedingly delicate plant and needs constant watching. Extravagant governments are the enemies of legitimate business because they rob business, in the form of bond-issues, of its just share of the accrued national wealth, *i.e.*, of the surplus available for reinvestment. It stands to reason that if a government is under the necessity of taking an inordinate share of what each man works to produce, business credits must be cut down. They *are* being cut down and precisely for this reason.

If those thoughtless fools who talk so glibly of billions would only remember that these are *lost* billions and that bonds are mere notices and reminders that we must create these amounts anew, all would go well. For they are lost billions—billions blown up in

battleships, wasted in guns, in horses, in food, in transportation and all the rest of it. Money lent to the government does not directly make money, *i.e.*, increase through constant fresh enterprise. In private hands it does. This is why a great government debt is an unmitigated curse; and this is why almost any drastic taxation for the reduction of debt is beneficial in the long run. And, we may add, this is why economy of administration is so sadly necessary at the present time. As soon as is consistent with safety every department of government must cut down to the "bare sark marrow." This will mean that all departments at Ottawa and in every local capital must trim sail and get back to normal expenditures. No new vast commitments must be entered upon, and those already in hand must be cautiously proceeded with. We must make the transition as soon as possible from the billion to the million basis and take the government out of the lists, as a competitor against the legitimate business man. We cannot abolish the Business Profits Tax too soon.

If we do this it is safe to say that we will not only save our pockets but our souls. The average man is not altogether to blame for his flamboyance. Example is very contagious, but reality is a hard task-master. We all need the lash, for we have all sinned and are sinning. The great wealth of Canada came as a revelation. We had not dreamed we were so rich. The plain fact is we lost our heads. We were and are a nation of financial fools. The average man should have paid off all his debts. He has not paid off his debts—at least not to the extent he might have done. He has preferred joy-riding. He has acted as though the war instead of having reduced the available capital of the world by two hundred and fifty billions had actually increased it by that amount. They know better in Germany and Austria. We shall find out in time, but then it will be too late.

The utterly stupid fallacy that seems to have permeated all classes is that vast debts and expenditures are symptoms of inexhaustible national wealth. Say what you will, that is the assumption in the mind of the average person. Because vast loans are being issued and subscribed for public purposes he assumes that the hoard can never be diminished. He forgets that every loan is a mortgage on energy, *on his own energy*. Every bond is a mortgage, of course. It is not wealth. It is an order on wealth which must be created by toil. It would be very nice if we could arrange it otherwise; but unfortunately, we cannot.

The moment production catches up to consumption we shall all be poorer and richer, for our money will then be real money, *i.e.*, it will be full face value. Wages will be less, much less, but commodities will be abundant and cheap, rents lower, clothing better value, fuel cheaper, and the perpetual dread of financial catastrophe abolished—the greatest gain of all.

But let us get over and have done with the cant of billions. It sounds big, but it is after all only a confession that we have before us long years of sacrifice, of hard work; and that we shall be lucky if we ride out the gale and reach the harbor of financial solvency. The moment governments set the good example of economy the people will speedily enough follow suit. But until they do the present mad devil's dance of extravagance among all classes, but the new-poor, will go merrily on.

THE IRISH VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE people of the United States will live to curse the day that the politicians of the country first started to treat the Irish Vote as a separate entity. The situation at the present moment is unprecedented. Washington warned the people against the danger of "entangling foreign alliances"; but what the Father of his Country did not foresee and, of course, could not foresee was, that there might be ethnic and emotional entanglements far worse in their domestic effects than any kind of foreign alliance. Foreign treaties can be annulled, after due notice has been given by the High-Contracting Parties; but imported prejudices, racial hatreds, based on inherited emotion and sentiment, dual allegiances may burn deep down in the sub-conscious mind of the half-assimilated alien and be of far more danger to the body politic than novel foreign policies—even though such policies should lead to temporary diplomatic confusion and embarrassment. Diplomatic mistakes are easily rectified; but if citizenship be not single and sacred the very idea of government is imperilled.

It is all very well for Irishmen to meet together in public halls and wax eloquent about the woes of Erin. This, we may add, is a common English practice. During the Austrian occupation of large parts of Italy England was full of sympathizers with the aspirations of Mazzini and Cavour for a united country. Kossuth received a roaring welcome both in the old land and the United States. One might go on citing examples indefinitely. We merely pause to point out that these "friends of the oppressed" did not attempt to found permanent parties on the basis of their sympathies with the down-trodden of other lands. The waves of sympathy rose and fell, leaving the people just as they were before the agitation started. In matters like the Bulgarian Atrocities the fighting moral minority in England has never hesitated to speak its mind; and not infrequently it has affected the whole course of foreign diplomacy. But, the particular agitation over, the resolutions passed, the protest registered, there is an end of the matter.

We may grant that people have a right to assemble in mass-meeting and protest against whatever they may be pleased to con-

sider unjust. There is a deep, serene satisfaction to a certain type of mind in righting the world by the simple process of passing resolutions. We would not deny these amiable people their mild and beautiful obsessions. There is too little humor left in the world. If we were in supreme command of the ship we would encourage everybody to assemble in mass-meeting daily and pass resolutions in favor of everything—say from three to four—and then adjourn for tea with the satisfaction of having achieved a great and pious end. It is a free country, and everybody is at liberty to speak his mind, provided he pay his own expenses. There is a natural check on all emotional excitement of this order, as the unfortunate wight who has had the calamity to be elected treasurer—as a rule, against his wild and unavailing protests—would be the first to admit with tears. We cannot imagine any more joyous diversion for an exasperated world than daily mass-meetings of protest against the whole present order of things. We need a change from the ghosts of the movies. Let us get down to Reality.

Now this is all right and proper, and quite in the British and American way; and if those whose hearts bleed for the woes of Ireland would be content to pass resolutions and, having done so, quietly adjourn to enjoy the present sad substitute for the historic Irish beverage no great harm would be done. Love of *Patria* is a delightful thing, and it is to the credit of the exile that he remembers with joy the past glories of his race. He, indeed, does well to keep up his National Society, and let his tumultuous racial enthusiasm have free outlet on at least one evening of the year.

“From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we behold in dreams the Hebrides.”

The sentiment that these lines convey is immortal. But when the noblest feelings of the human heart are traded in for political profit; when the country of one's origin is placed above the country of one's adoption; when it is sought to embroil the land that protects and shelters and nourishes and defends with another country, even to the issue of war, on account of senseless prejudices and hates, then it is time for the land threatened by this particularly insidious form of anarchy to call a halt.

It is, indeed, time for the American people to ask of the Colahans, the Hylans, the Cochranes and all the rest of the noisy crew who are advocating courses that can only lead to war: “What exactly do you mean by these actions; and where do you stand as respects America? Are you American or Irish? Speak out!”

There is something here much more important than a perfect understanding between England and America. The Irish question

in America may easily become more serious, much more serious to America itself than the theoretical question of Ireland's right to secede from the Empire. The nature of the tie between England and Ireland can never have more than a merely academic interest for the bulk of Americans who, as a race, are singularly indifferent to the political affairs of other countries. The Simon-pure American is still an Islander. An Ireland in America, however, would be indeed a serious thing. A Germany in America was serious enough—though in numbers it was grossly exaggerated—but a solid, homogeneous Irish *bloc*, holding the political balance of power and held in the leash of a church which never compromises, would shake the Republic to its base.

There is no English vote in the United States, no French vote, no American vote. There *is* an Irish vote, and there may yet be an Irish problem if, as a result of party-bidding for support, racial prejudices should demand separate recognition—say in the matter of education! In the interests of America's own life Ireland and the Irish question should be kicked out of American politics and never allowed to reappear. The grievances of Ireland (and they are largely mythical) should not be imported into America, or, for that matter, into Canada. When an Irish immigrant lands in America and takes the oath of Allegiance he should concern himself with the political interests of the United States, and leave it to the people he left behind to settle their problems in their own way. At any rate, before becoming a citizen of the United States he must swear to do so—and the people of that country should see that he honestly implements his oath—or go back to the land whence he came.

One would imagine from the way these orators talk that America exists simply to promote the prosperity and happiness of Ireland and to back up the Sinn Fein. The truth is they hate Britain more than they love America. As a matter of fact Ireland is none of America's concern, and the sooner this is made clear to the American people the sooner we shall arrive at a thoroughly good understanding. There should be no such phrase used as "The Irish in America." Strictly speaking there are no Irish in America; though there are millions of Americans of Irish descent. By its fundamental law America obliterates the political, but not the ethnic, past of every immigrant who swears allegiance to the flag. She should see to it that the fealty demanded and yielded up is fulfilled, not only in the letter but in the spirit.

NOMINATING THE PRESIDENT

CANADIANS have been following with keen interest the proceedings at Chicago and San Francisco. There was a time, previous to 1840, when things were differently arranged. More

than once a caucus of congressmen and senators has nominated the Chief Executive, almost privately. But gradually the idea of doing this, or, allowing it to be done through elected representatives, was given up in favor of what, on the face of it, looks like direct action. Delegates to the Electoral College are still elected; but that almost moribund body assembles only to ratify the popular choice, and would not dare go against the verdict expressed at the polls. We have said "of what, on the face of it, looks like direct action"; but, as a matter of fact, the only direct action in the premises is the casting of the individual vote on election day.

Power in the United States has almost imperceptibly slipped into the hands of clever manipulators—men to whom politics is a serious, even a desperate business. These men, who are described by the contemptuous phrase, *The Bosses*—a word of Dutch origin—are, in reality, political experts who know the whole country from A to Z, and whose hands are always on the throttle.

Sometimes the Boss (we instance the late Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania as an example) is a pure product of a bad political tradition—the tradition that to make a living, and even a fortune, as a result of political activity is a perfectly allowable, and, indeed, an honorable occupation. Such examples abound and are not, unfortunately, limited to the United States. On the other hand, there are men like Ex-Senator Murray Crane and Senator Lodge—men of great private means and of fine character and culture—who are in the game for prestige and power; and no doubt also from a deep and passionate interest in the welfare of their country. These, and there are thousands of them, save what would otherwise degenerate into an utterly corrupt and sordid condition of things.

The National Convention is simply the Ward-Caucus on an extended scale. It is the last result of what begins in The Primary. Up to a certain point there is a painful monotony about the whole performance. The wild excitement and almost unbearable tension comes when all the elected delegates meet in one vast assembly to agree on a National Candidate. Here, for the first time, events are apt to become dramatic and even thrilling. The reason is that while the State Delegates are tied, *i.e.*, are absolutely in the hands of the State Boss, the Assembly, as a whole, is not tied and cannot be tied. There is always the chance that it will get out of hand and go off on a rampage—as in the case of the first nomination of Bryan during the Free Silver agitation. Then again, when the nomination is a foregone conclusion—and this occurred both in the case of McKinley and Roosevelt—the Boss is stripped temporarily of his prerogative. But sooner or later he comes back.

The National Convention is a true assembly—a sort of gigantic Town Meeting—a genuine Folk Moot. No politician can predict in advance the verdict of the vast assembled multitude. It has

curious analogies with a horse race, and the resemblance is so close that the phrases "Dark Horse" and "Favorite" come naturally to men's lips. But the lightning may strike in unexpected places. Seldom are the favorites of popular fancy chosen. It is sometimes a misfortune to be "boomed" in advance—as Wood, Johnson and others now know. It is truly a case of "Save me from my friends!"

It is a mistake to suppose that, in the case of the National Convention, the politician is beaten by "The glorious uprising of a free people." The phrase is often on his lips, but never in his heart. The *crux* of the whole situation is that the State Delegation goes, as the phrase is, "Instructed." The whole explanation of this curious phenomenon is, that, "Regularity," *i.e.*, loyalty to the will of the Boss (for that is what it really amounts to) is absolute. This is why we keep running across the word "release" and the phrase "standing pat" so frequently in the ups and downs of the struggle; and this is where, precisely, the Boss comes in. In vulgar *parlance* the State Delegates "are his to do what he likes with." If a State Delegation go "Uninstructed" it can only mean that the Boss has been beaten by a moral uprising of some sort and is in temporary eclipse.

Sometimes members of a State Delegation get out of control, under stress of emotional excitement, and defy the Boss in a burst of personal independence, but not often. The Boss knows the exact psychological moment when he is beaten, and, sooner or later, in a contest which runs true to form, so does the candidate. After repeated fruitless ballotings the popular favorites are all eliminated, and at once a deadlock ensues. Yet something must be done. At this point all public debate ends; oratory loses its power; throats are sore; nerves frazzled. Our friends, the Bosses, now step in. There are hourly conferences between the political supermen—sometimes prolonged through heated, all-night sessions. In the end, the whole business of a Compromise Candidate is settled by men who know what they are doing and who have got what they want—Senatorships, Cabinet appointments, Ambassadorships, and all the rest of it.

Now comes the last act in the drama. The word goes forth that Penrose has released Pennsylvania for Harding from his dying bedside (There is Power!). An electric thrill goes through the whole gathering. The air is full of portents. Men have a vague consciousness that the occasion is history. All eyes are on New York. It is announced that New York votes for Ohio's favorite son. Pandemonium instantly breaks loose; the lesser States fall over each other in confirming a dying man's mandate; the fateful total is reached, passed, and the Convention ends in a red blaze.

Now, on the face of it, this all looks like a *defeat* of the popular will; but in reality it is the last result of delegated power. That

strange, wise love of rigid precedent in America, so puzzling to foreigners—a straight inheritance from England—keeps the nation free from anarchy even in the tumult of popular elections.

What the American people recognize is, that the Boss is as much interested in “picking a winner” as anybody can be. It is a delicate point to elaborate, but it may be put in this way: The average American is extraordinarily individualistic. He is convinced that he is the freest person in the world, and, as a rule, shows it in his bearing, and, sometimes, offensively, in his language. But just because of his personal anarchy (we use the word in a good sense) he goes completely over to the other extreme in politics, and acquiesces in the most tyrannical theory of political choice that history reveals. Standing always in fear of a mob made up of strong individualists like himself, he delegates power to men who have made a life-long study of politics. This instinct is sound. In a nation of full-blown individualists there must somewhere be iron restraints, and they must be self-imposed and absolutely obeyed. This iron restraint he calls “Regularity.”

With Britain, on the contrary, it is all different. The average Britisher, having a homogeneous population to consider and being himself, so to speak, a finished political product—the result of centuries of struggle and conflict—having, in short, arrived—is not at all afraid of a mob made up of men like himself. For the average Englishman is a born compromiser. He is the only being on this planet who can come to rest on an inclined plane. His Conventions are the only rigid part of him, but they suffice.

“Though the shattered Heavens should fall
The ruins would strike him undismayed.”

He represents the opposite extreme of his transatlantic cousin. A stickler for form, tradition and precedent in private life, in politics he is a wild anarchist. Anybody may run for Parliament in England, and anybody possessed of a small property qualification may be elected and sit. He has apparently no real dread of the utmost freedom, not to say license, in political affairs; whereas in his private relations he is reserved, controlled, punctilious and formal—save with his own class, when he is geniality personified. An American is an Englishman turned inside-out. One is high-strung and nervous; the other phlegmatic. One represents the race-stem; the other a bewildering “sport.” Climate has something to do with it; history more.

Defeat in an election is not to the liking of the Boss. As a consequence he seeks a candidate who will not arouse antagonisms; whose record for sanity, good judgment and party-loyalty is flawless, and whose personal integrity and purity of life cannot be questioned. A man of brilliant personal qualities, like the late Mr. Roosevelt,

is an abomination unto him; because such go into office untrammelled by promises and are likely to play havoc with the old way of doing things—to his and, in the end, their own destruction. He is above and beyond all else concerned with his own reputation as a political manipulator and as the source of power and dispenser of patronage in his own State. The cement of the whole system is self-interest so far as the politicians are concerned.

Election to nomination for office in the United States is along the pathway of delegation; election to office is settled at the polls by secret ballot. When it comes to a choice between rival candidates the people have it all their own way. When fully aroused they can smash the Boss by capturing the Primaries. Yet the true principle of democratic freedom comes in at both ends. The broad bases of the whole political pyramid are the countless Primaries, as they are called, throughout the length and breadth of the land. These Primaries grew out of the New England Town Meeting—an institution still kept up in primitive simplicity in such centres as Concord, Framingham, Brookline and other places—but in the course of evolution they have developed into something quite peculiar to the United States.

A Primary is no longer a non-partisan gathering, but either Republican or Democratic. Only registered voters can attend and, of those, only those who are known to be "Regular," *i.e.*, in good party standing, are admitted. If they are not of the "true Israel" in the purview of the Committee (an important body) they are unceremoniously thrown out. There is no flexibility about the arrangement short of an irresistible moral uprising. Political orthodoxy is insisted upon, and what obtains in the Ward-Primary (the lowest of all) extends upward to the National Convention.

What we in Canada cannot understand is that Politics in the U.S. are standardized to the last gasp of business efficiency. The flexibility, the human touch, comes in with the jovial personal popularity of the Boss (a *sine qua non* in his case); through The Press playing on party prejudices, and, sometimes, telling the truth; through the eager desire for office of the Ward-heeler—a Lilliput-boss; through public speaking, the publication of fulsome biographies of candidates, the coining of slogans and catch-cries; wild promises of Utopias, assessments on office-holders and demands on their time, and all the rest of it. The Ward-healers or interested trenchermen—a breed peculiar to America—are completely and absolutely subservient to the Ward-Boss. He, in turn, is subordinate to the City-Boss, he to the State-Boss (usually a Senator), and he and the other State Bosses make up that truly remarkable body of unofficial autocrats who, as a rule, name the President of the United States. The whole system is as rigid as bronze. Prussianism, even in its palmiest days had nothing on it. It works to perfection, and has

been well called *The Machine*. And the people love to have it so, for the American people believe in the principle of delegated power and in business efficiency. Our open nominations with their free-for-all character would be repugnant to them. Once an administration is in power at Washington it is *in*, and no dissensions in the Cabinet, the House or the Senate can possibly shorten the term. This has its drawbacks in the case of a corrupt administration, but short of revolution there is no redress. The Bosses have no recognized official standing, and yet they virtually rule the nation.

There are, of course, exceptions. Sometimes both parties become so corrupt that the moral sense of the people is stung to fury, and a People's or Mugwump ticket sweeps into power. But the Boss always sooner or later returns, and he returns because he is indispensable; because it is impossible to run the country without him.

Then again a man may achieve nation-wide popularity—like Hoover, or Wood, or Johnson—and so to speak, threaten to climb into the political sheep-fold, not by the regular door, but by another way. There is nothing the Americans like so much as forceful, successful, brilliant personality. Androlatry is carried to a mad extreme. The Bosses know this and let the exaggerated adulation go on. They bide their time, well knowing that their hour will arrive. When Hoover or Wood is seized upon by popular imagination as presidential timber they smilingly agree; indeed they sedulously foster the illusion—up to a certain point. They are well versed in the art of playing off one popular favorite against another and neutralizing both.

There is a sad monotony about the march of a favorite. Buttons break out all over the country like a rash; bombastic biographies mysteriously make their appearance simultaneously in the party papers; his State hums with glad anticipation of the coming triumph; the predestined victim is photographed in every possible physical pose; his wife, his sons and daughters, even his plain and honest relatives to the tenth degree, are all photographed and dragged into the lime-light; the average American murmurs to himself as the great man passes by: "There goes John Smith but for the grace of God." He is literally burned into the consciousness of the American people. His face is the last to fade from tired eyes; "the first to greet the rising morn." Young men form themselves into marching clubs and fill the night with noise—"rooting" it is called. At length, as a result of all this wild excitement, he becomes "an irresistible candidate for the Presidency." And still the Boss lies low. The more of this sort of thing the merrier. Others arise and, as a result of exactly the same tactics, become gigantic, overpowering. Quite so! The hard, keen, masterful men evolved by a century of political conflict, remain absolute masters of the situation.

And now for the sequel! Wood neutralizes Hoover; Hoover, Johnson, and lo! a dying man in Pennsylvania releases his grip on the State Delegation and an individual called Harding is nominated for the office of President. Well, what about it? What is Democracy but the right of the people to delegate power to experts to the end that government by the people, of the people, and all the rest of it, shall not perish from the earth?

The fact is the American system of working through Committees and Delegates is exactly suited to the genius of the American people. No other system could be made to work. It is an extraordinary proof of the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race for self-government. We would stifle under it, but we are not Americans. Our system would throw the great Republic to the South into complete anarchy. When all the disruptive forces in the land are abroad; when every long-haired crank is howling his wares; when crack-brained advocates of Bolshevism, Communism, Anarchy, are holding up the paleolithic brutes of Russia as angels of the New Dispensation, it is not a bad thing that there is in that land a political system rigid as Fate which narrows the conflict down to a fair fight between two great historic parties and casts all the advocates of group-selfishness and unreasoned violence into the outer darkness. It gets down to this: No man who fails to get the "Regular" nomination has a ghost of a chance to be elected. It is the apotheosis of party-government. The nation is fairly divided. In how much better case we would be to-day in Canada if we *could* narrow the coming conflict down to a straight fight between two great historic groups. We hope and pray that under a leader of the calibre of the Hon. Mr. Meighen this may be the final outcome, and that he will be able to prove that our old English liberty can stand the strain of the present madness and selfishness and emerge triumphant.

THE NEW PREMIER

THE Hon. Arthur Meighen, Minister of the Interior, has been chosen to succeed the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden as Prime Minister. As a matter of fact, the new Premier has inevitably and logically come into his own. His brilliant achievements as an administrator, his unrivalled power as a debater, his direct way of getting at the truth, his personal charm, and his high, pure character all combined to make his selection a foregone conclusion. That the Cabinet will stick loyally to him is gratifying to his friends, but not remarkable to those who know the charm of the new Premier's personality. He is the sort of a man who inspires deep personal loyalty. Sir John A. MacDonald possessed this power of enchantment, so did Sir Wilfrid Laurier, so does the Hon. Arthur Meighen.

At any rate, amid all this present confusion one thing stands out

bold and clear. There is now at Ottawa a man with a clear, clever brain, a fair and honest mind, and a sympathetic, friendly disposition; but who, if occasion should ever arise demanding decision and firmness, will reveal a will of ice and iron. One look at his beautifully chiselled face tells the whole story of clean living, high thinking and stern command of self. Such men are born rulers of mankind. We have a great captain at the helm! Let us all support him!

Those farmer-politicians who are seeking to array country against town would be well advised to study the Hon. Arthur Meighen's career. The new Prime Minister is a credit to rural Ontario. He is a typical product of the Ontario farm, and in his younger days bore his share of the burden and heat of the day. His sympathy with the farmer is real and deep; for he understands all the trials of the farmer's lot. Those around St. Marys who remember Arthur Meighen (Conservatives and Liberals alike) recall him as a thin, handsome boy with qualities of mind and heart out of the ordinary. Distinction even then had marked him for its own. Physical toil on the farm up to the age of seventeen, hard study at school and university, varied by teaching, a stern devotion to duty, high, pure love of country, and magnificent service in Parliament are the steps that have led to power. His life is an inspiration to every farmer boy in the country. This sort of a Farmers' Movement we can all welcome, and thank God for. The Meighens are true yeoman stock, and a brother farms in the North-West at the present time.

We sometimes wonder what the farmer wants that the rest of us do not want. The farmer sends one son into the Ministry, another becomes a lawyer, a third a doctor, a fourth a manufacturer. The fifth elects to remain on the paternal acres. Is he alone the wise, good man of the family? Is it not obvious that, in attempting to array country against town the farmer is simply fighting against his own flesh and blood? The majority of the people in the cities are of rural descent. Where else can they go but to the cities, since the demands of life are imperative and the average farm will not support in comfort a vigorous, grown-up family?

The career of the Hon. Arthur Meighen is the true answer to the wild charges and demands of these rural agitators. From the farm he came, and, when a great career is rounded out and he seeks retirement in the golden after-glow of peace, it will be to the beloved fields he will return—an incorrigible farmer boy at heart.

THE PERIL

THE true peril to Canada and to every other country at the present time is the complete indifference of the people to the fundamental facts of life. Not long ago a certain paper, in an endeavor to find an excuse for a sudden change of political front, called upon the voters to immediately assemble in public gatherings

and pass resolutions calling upon the Union Government to efface itself. The appeal fell quite flat. Not a single meeting was called. The silence could be felt. The Public did not even bother to yawn. The inference is that, at the present moment, the Public is utterly indifferent to the shifty and unpatriotic policies of the organ in question. In the old days, when this particular newspaper was a shrieking journalistic virago with a tongue of flame, it was different; but nowadays it is taken at its true value—an organ controlled financially by an individual of absolutely no public importance and a Board of Directors who represent nobody but themselves. If this poor pensioner of a Liberalism that lost its soul sometime in the Consulship of Sir Wilfrid, would come out boldly for MacKenzie King as Premier, with the men who opposed conscription in control, we can assure it it would get all the mass-meetings its staff could handle. This is what it is edging towards cautiously, slyly, hypocritically; but just at present it is afraid to take the plunge.

So far as the Public is concerned it is at present in no mood to rise to any political fly. It may be only languidly interested in the new patriotic party, but it is absolutely indifferent to the old Liberal group. The Liberal and Conservative party at any rate is a ship with a fearless trained navigator in charge and a definite course; the Laurier Liberal party is a disrupted raft floating about "In the vast Deep." The present policy of the Salvage-Master, who is directing operations from the tug "Quebec," may be summed up in the immortal phrase addressed to all and sundry—U.F.A., U.F.O., Labor, Capital—"Codlin is your friend, not Short." The pure hypocrisy of it all!

Still it is true, tragically true, that a vast apathy seems to have settled down on society. The narcotic of prosperity has, for the time being at least, done its work. Government just now all over the world is subordinate to the Movies. The joy of personal extravagance has blurred all interest even in the vast, the truly alarming budgets necessitated by reconstruction. The very idea of settled order is threatened, and fat fools go joy-riding.

The truth is that selfishness, naked and unashamed, seems to pervade all ranks of society. Men are not thinking in terms of National Welfare and the future, but in terms of self and the present. Not so long ago the woes of other lands tore our heart-strings; to-day we seem indifferent to the point of callousness. The reaction from all the high emotions and glorious idealism of the war is complete. What is the cause? Are we become a race of fatalists? Or, is the real fact that the demands of humanity on our sympathies through incessant repetition, have somehow lost their power to arouse? Are we witnessing on a large, a world-wide scale, the truth sought to be conveyed in the old fable of "The Boy and the Wolf"? The tympanum of the ear, we know, thickens under the battering of sound waves. Is it possible that the emotional, and

even the moral nature, in self-defence of sanity go through an analogous process—the soul refusing automatically to react to horror, or even to plain duty, when a certain point is reached? It would seem so. Certainly at the present moment, in respect of our country, we have become a nation of lotus-eaters. The only vigor shown is by selfish groups for purely material ends.

It is a dangerous situation; if for no other reason than that, taking advantage of the general apathy, the Crank, the Anarchist, the Bolshevik, the political Sciolist and reckless advocate of untried theories are loose and vocal throughout the world. These see their chance to sow the dragon's teeth of class-hate and group-selfishness, and they are doing it night and day—especially in the North-west where polyglot conditions prevail. Voltaire once said that the reason why rogues prevail is because honest men are too cowardly to defend their own. There are times when this bitter comment is true. Yet rogues being uneconomic scoundrels soon lose their filched gains.

But it is not alone the Bolshevik, the Crank, the Demagogue, who are to be feared. What is still more perilous is the utter lack of conscience and honor in the big modern newspaper. We all know that the newspaper of to-day is run as a strictly business proposition. It is under the thrall of the big advertiser. It has ceased to be the organ of truth. It has no sense of responsibility to the best interests of the public. Its proprietors die millionaires or are ennobled. There are noble exceptions of course; and in the main, the papers in small centres, apart from violent partisanship, are, at any rate, free of the taint of exaggeration. In the old days when Garvin was *The Observer*; Labouchere, *Truth*; Edmund Yates, *The World*; Dana, *The Sun*; Horace Greely, *The Tribune*; Samuel Bowles, *The Springfield Republican*; Geo. W. Childs, *The Ledger*, and George Brown, *The Globe*, it reflected the personal obsessions and prejudices of its editor and, as a rule, owner, no doubt, but it had this great advantage: it faithfully set forth a distinct and valuable point of view and stood for something definite. Now it is amorphous. These men fought for principles to the bitter end and were fought to the bitter end in turn. Then it was honorable to be a journalist: to-day the editor is the manager of a Department. To compare the present desperately-driven employees with the great men just mentioned would be to compare a paid jockey with a gentleman rider. Yet the office of Editor might be made the most honorable office on earth and one of the most powerful. It is in France.

The whole game is to study mob-hysteria and fill the front page with wild, inflammatory headlines with the simple, selfish end of increasing the circulation and adding to the dividends. Many of these wretched and, to the public shame be it said, highly prosperous sheets are but so many Black Holes of Calcutta in which the truth

lies bound and bleeding. The gravest peril of the time is the so-called "Yellow Press"—of which the Hearst publications in the U.S. and the Harmsworth group in England stand as conspicuous examples. Here in Canada we are only lightly infected with the plague. On the whole, our press is clean; but the mischief is that these vile publications are on every bookstand to the infinite hurt of the whole community.

The retort will be that if the Public doesn't like these papers it needn't buy; and that their huge circulation and abounding prosperity is a proof that they are needed and wanted. But the truth is that to start a paper in these days requires vast capital and that a paper once established is hard to displace. It becomes a sort of a daily habit. Probably the majority of people buy the daily paper simply for the news, and ignore or tolerate the editorials and "scare" headlines. The idea, which so many editors work on, that the Public is a big baby, or, to vary the image, a lump of soft clay which can be manipulated into almost any shape, is grotesque. The Public has a nasty trick of kicking over the traces. But even if it were so, surely that ought only to deepen the desire of those who claim to hold this terrible power to present the truth and the truth alone.

One would naturally suppose that, at a time of wild unrest, disregard of all constituted authority and unbridled selfishness, the first care of an editor would be to uphold the solidarity and dignity of the Government. To flee at and attempt to lower in the eyes of the people the integrity, honesty and patriotism of those in power is malicious. It is all right for a newspaper to criticize policies, and even individuals, provided it is in a position to back up its charges; but to bring the very idea of government into contempt is the most dangerous game that can be played. To elect men to office and then distrust them is not a reflection upon the men elected but on those who elected them. The Referendum and Recall is a proof that the Public distrusts itself, and that the average man admits to himself his own political rottenness. It is not a proof that Democracy is alive, but that it is dead and corrupt. It would substitute for trust in our duly elected representatives a low suspicion, and for order and continuity the fitful fancies of the mob.

The other day a Toronto paper had an editorial entitled "Government by Groups—Why not?" It was a dangerous and irresponsible utterance. Of course, the true answer is that Group-Government is anarchy. Group-Government cannot be made to work successfully in a pure Democracy, such as ours. Back of the Group-Government of Germany was the naked sword of Imperialism, and it was always sharp and ready. Bismarck actually encouraged groups, and played off one against the other. When things went too far to suit His Serenity he simply gathered up his papers, bowed to the President, and the sitting was immediately dissolved. But in

a democratic country this cannot be done; for the whole theory of democratic politics is that absolute power must rest with but one group—the majority—and that this group must take the full responsibility of governing. Whenever a new party is elected the historic phrase is that “so and so has been called upon to form a *government*.” Authority is of One. Lenine is at present “Autocrat of All the Russias.” It would be of the nature of an insult to elaborate this point. But what shall be said of a writer whose ignorance of the whole theory of government is so abysmal as to cause him to head an editorial with the caption quoted?

The Drury Government (why Drury?) was cited as a first-class example of Government by Group. Is it? It is a temporary selfish coalescence of two widely divergent groups in a slender majority of one. One disastrous by-election and its life is ended. Already Mr. Drury is out trying to arouse enthusiasm for a “People’s Party” against the “Big Interests.” He, evidently enough, has no deep faith in the ability of the present combination to survive. The Tariff, upon the maintenance of which the working man’s very bread depends, stands like a flaming sword between the U.F.O. and organized labor. The Federal Election will prove it.

Government is the last authority on earth. To attempt to divide it would be to destroy it. It is One and Indivisible. Authority is either original or delegated. With us all power, since the Act of Settlement, is delegated—even the power of the Monarch. That is our English way. We elect delegates to represent us, and a majority of those delegates constitute the Government. With the Delegates split up into numberless groups, and proceedings a changing kaleidoscope of selfish combinations, the beautiful unity of government is at once destroyed; all authority disappears; mad egotisms become rampant; discipline is relaxed and anarchy supervenes. Group-government reached its apex in the Austrian Reichsrath—the wildest and craziest Assembly of modern times—but owing to the autocratic character of the Monarchy it was not allowed to wreck the national unity. Why should we, who are a homogeneous people, inflict the curse of anarchy upon ourselves; especially in perilous times like these, when what is really wanted, is unity, solidarity and mutual faith in each other’s good intentions?

It may be that the article in question was in the nature of a “feeler” to see if the people of Canada would take kindly to the idea of a Group-government at Ottawa under MacKenzie King. We can assure the writer that they will not; that the thought of such a thing is abhorrent to them and that, though they are still bleeding from the wounds of the war, they have not forgotten it. Nor have they forgotten the part played by the simple gentleman delegated by the people to carry through a stupendous task. Those who deeply love their country are perplexed and alarmed at the growth of sectionalism, but their faith is firm that there are enough wise

and sensible patriots to master this new and threatening evil and save Canada from internal anarchy. The people of Canada through a long future will remember only two classes of men: those who went to the war and those who ought to have gone and were otherwise employed. The Heart has a long memory!

We observe that the Hon. MacKenzie King is still harping upon the grievance that the National Liberal and Conservative Government is illegal. Why so? It has a clear majority of over thirty, and represents the best brains of both parties. Let Mr. MacKenzie King turn his guns on the thoroughly illegal Government at Toronto which has a precarious majority of precisely one, and is in a hopeless popular minority. Will he do so? He will not. Why? Because he hopes to shepherd the U.F.O. and all the rest of the malcontents into Adullam's Cave and be elected leader. Anything for office!

CAUSES OF UNREST IN IRELAND

ONE glance at the map will reveal why Britain cannot grant separation to Ireland. The two islands lie closely together; the inhabitants of both speak the same language; inherit, in the main, the same European culture and derive ethnically from the same primitive stocks. In former times the Irish were called the Scots. One of the most famous of the Medieval philosophers was Dun Scotus Erigena. It is the proud boast of the Irish Church that she Christianized both the savage Picts and a considerable portion of Northern and Eastern England. Irish historians, perhaps, go too far afield in the extent of their claims; still it is true, and innumerable monuments and saints' names attest it, that the Irish Church was above all else a missionary church and had a considerable share in the conversion of Europe to the Christian faith. The world has forgotten all this, but the fact that Ireland was at one time pre-eminent in art, literature and piety is not forgotten by Irishmen and never will be so long as Moore's lovely poem, "Let Erin remember the days of old," is repeated and sung.

To most nations, certainly to a highly practical race like the English (not so much to the Scotch) the past is the past. It lingers as a tender light over places and historic names, but it is not a passion full of light and fire; certainly not a living political reality. Yet this is precisely what The Past is in Ireland. But yesterday the men of Londonderry were locked in fratricidal strife; as they were when the emissaries of King James hurled cannon against the walls and the glorious Walker, with Bible in one hand and musket in the other, cheered the defenders of the English colony against the onslaughts of the detested Papists.

It is hard to separate the strands where all is a hopeless tangle and one, in a sense, must pray for light. The vast field of racial psychology has not received that attention which it deserves. Psy-

chology has concerned itself too much with a study of individual type; too little with a study of those historic forces that have moulded and are moulding types to-day. The great psychological historian has yet to be born. Perhaps the task is beyond human skill. One thing, however, seems certain: Religion, the passion for the Ideal, is the key to many a dark mystery of Time. It is the ultimate belief as to the meaning of life that shapes a Nation's soul.

Religion is one of the keys to the Irish problem; yet it is a lock of many wards. By one of those extraordinary ironies of history the two most fanatical branches of the British race—the tenacious Calvinistic Scot and the lively emotional, imaginative Irish Celt—were thrown into contact and forced to live together for weal or woe. After a lapse covering over three centuries of time the two races are glaring at each other at this hour. In Sir Edward Carson the spirit of “No Surrender” has come to life; and de Valera but embodies that uncompromising hostility to all things British which caused Cromwell to perpetrate the massacre of Drogheda and turn Connaught into a shambles.

What would have happened had Strongbow never set foot in Ireland may be interesting to play with as a speculation, but quite useless to treat in a serious vein. One thing is certain: there and then began Irish woe. That the great Earl of Clare married King Dermot's daughter (all in the Fairy Book order) only added to the tragedy. It was the first of many invasions. All lands have gone through this sort of thing. England herself was successively conquered by Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Dane, Norman, but in the end was enriched and enlarged. The stem-root absorbed and changed the graft and the result was a more luscious and palatable fruit. But the Celt of the days of Brian is the Celt of to-day—the same virtues, the same failings and weaknesses. Had Ireland accepted the Reformation all would have been different, no doubt, and we should have had a different historical result. We Protestants are sure a better result. But let that pass!

It would seem (we must speak with great caution here) that a certain stubborn loyalty, characteristic of all the Celtic races, to what is conceived of as the higher interests of the soul must be held responsible for an undeniable incapacity for purely utilitarian, worldly affairs. He is a poor bigot who cannot see an almost transcendent nobility in this attitude on the part of a whole people. Renan has paid a most exquisite tribute to this quality of loyalty to Rome in the Breton peasant. At any rate, it is so, curse or bless as we may. At this hour the Papal See has no more fervid adherents than the peasants of Quebec, Brittany and Ireland—all kindred stocks.

Yet there was a time when Ireland, religiously speaking, was a rebel to Rome and would have none of Italian authority. It was indeed a pope of Rome—Adrian IV.—who issued a Bulla handing

over to Henry II. the overlordship of Ireland, basing his right to do so on the preposterous grounds that the islands of the sea belonged unto Christ. In his view the recalcitrants of Ireland were damnable heretics worthy of extirpation. Rome betrayed Ireland to the Angevin, yet Rome to-day is supreme! And what was destroyed was a truly glorious Church, rich in art (the Book of Kells is matchless), in a racy, vigorous literature, in music; and with a bede-roll of heroic Saints unmatched in the annals of hagiology.

The plain fact is that the Irish never amalgamated with their conquerors. Alas! they were never allowed to. In the beginning Religion had little or nothing to do with this racial aloofness. Norman and English were until the time of James of the same faith as the conquered people. They did, however, from the very beginning despise them as an enslaved folk and looked upon them as savages. The word "kern," which they applied to the Irish guerillas, meant in old English law a lout or a vagabond. Scorn is the one attitude which even the humblest will resent, and the scorn of the superior for the inferior was, and to some extent, is Ireland's portion.

But not only did they scorn them: they dispossessed them of their rich lands and drove them into the bogs to rot or die. They did neither. Their survival and their fighting vigor is one of the marvels of history.

Perhaps, after all, geographical isolation was the most potent factor in keeping the Irish a peculiar people. For centuries Ireland meant exile from civilized life. Even the English and Scotch immigrants, who were from time to time settled in the island by James and Cromwell, took on, in the course of centuries, certain of the qualities of the Celt. The Scotch-Irish race, for example, is one of the strongest as it is one of the most clannish in the world. Other examples are the Pitcairn islanders, the Quakers, and the Jew.

The claim has been made that the colonizers became in time "more Irish than the Irish themselves," but this is preposterous. The Scotch-Irish and the Protestant Anglo-Irish have little in common with the Catholic Celt. It is true that the rebellion of 1798 was largely a Protestant uprising and that the bulk of the Irish leaders and agitators have been Protestant; but the plain truth is that Wolfe Tone, Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald had nothing but contempt for the submerged Irish and the Catholic priesthood. They rebelled against English rule for the same reason that the Turkish clique in Egypt, masquerading under the guise of the Young Nationalist Party, are openly hostile to British rule at this hour. It was the rebellion of a highly privileged caste, or ascendant group, against any outside interference with age-long privileges. It may be added that a more selfish, heartless caste never before existed on this earth. They were but a brilliant mantle on a reeking fen of corruption. Catholics were debarred from the

Irish parliament and were treated as almost beyond the pale of just government. The so-called Penal Code (not abolished till the days of O'Connell) was devised in infamy. Rotten boroughs were common enough in England: they were the rule in Ireland. The Protestant aristocracy ruled in that unhappy island as the Freiherr ruled in Pomerania in the days of Frederick. The mass of the people were apathetic towards all government, and lived their drear lives comforted only by the thought of a great compensation which the Church boldly assured them awaited them in another and a better world. The Irish child during the whole *régime* of Protestant Ascendancy (a phrase in constant, natural use) was born in misery and shaped by sorrow. The abolition of the Irish parliament was at once an act of necessity and mercy, and but another indication of Pitt's profound sagacity. Experiences such as these sink deep into a nation's soul. An organism that must constantly struggle for bare life soon becomes mis-shapen and abnormal. It also becomes dangerous. At bottom the untravelled Irishman is an emotional hypochondriac. His gaiety is not the steady surface-play of an exuberant vitality, as in the case of the English, but the reckless merriment of a being who takes advantage of a temporary lull of sorrow and passes to wild extremes.

What our English statesmen fail to see, and what, apparently, they cannot be brought to see, is, that a type, the result of over eight hundred years of oppression, spoliation and injustice, cannot be changed by any legislative fiat or placated by any conceivable political *largess*. In all these bills for the better government of Ireland the human touch has been left out. All is official, of the nature of a concession from above; whereas what is needed is warm personal contact. A free mingling of the two peoples might in time bring about a reconciliation. Seldom do British statesmen go to Ireland to make speeches; the visits of the sovereign are rarer. There is no royal residence. One of the most exquisite of all lands, it is but seldom visited by English tourists. Millions have gone up and down the Rhine, but, it is safe to say, that only thousands know of the magnificent scenery of the Shannon, and the incomparable beauty of the West Coast. What is there in all Europe to compare with the Cliffs of Moher—those beetling ramparts that take the whole heft and impact of the Western Ocean; or with the almost heavenly beauty of Killarney, Kenmare and Connemara? It is a land of prismatic lights—pellucid silver shot with emerald. "Glamour" is the only word that can describe it.

If the present *régime* were abolished, with Irish officials in charge of Irish affairs, and a true representative Court formed at Dublin—and how brilliant and beautiful such a court would be!—with no less a person than Royalty at the head of it, in time, the Irish heart, which is deeper and stronger than the Irish head, would

respond. For the Irish are natural monarchists, as all true Celts are. To-day in Brittany the sentiment of royalty lives and will continue to live. Go to St. Anne D'Auray during a pilgrimage and be convinced! All over the world the Irish are poor Republicans yet true Democrats. Abstract theories of government have no charms for the Celt; he wants men. It is the human touch which gives to the Boss his power. With that absent all is absent. To describe a person as "cold" is the last and final summing up of an Irish peasant's judgment of character. He is, with all his faults, the child of the heart.

There is a title held in high and even tender esteem just now by one, who would seem to have been cast in some happy horoscope of Time for the High-kingship—The Prince of Wales! Why should there not be a Prince of Ireland? And why should not one of the young princes—say the second in seniority—be called upon to fill that position and be given a chance to win his spurs? If the word were to go forth that Ireland henceforward is to be governed and controlled by Irishmen with an hereditary Prince of Ireland it would appeal to the national pride and might solve one of the most perplexing problems of modern times.

It is a product of nature herself that the British politician is confronted with. He must make his approach along natural, not legal lines. Nature is never so terrible as when she seems most helpless. Officialism, though never so honest, sincere and well meaning, is powerless to overcome the dead inertia of a people indifferent to the will of another concerning it. But an Ireland governed by Irishmen might well surprise the world. No change of organic structure would be needed; only a change of persons. Dublin is near and dear; London is far away. Only Irishmen understand and are capable of governing Irishmen. They should be given a chance. With Dublin the real Capital of Ireland there would be an immediate influx of the old county families; magnificent residences that now lie empty would fill up, as of old, with laughing throngs, and the young men of birth and education who at present wander to the ends of the earth because there is no opening for them in their native land would remain at home where they are sadly needed.

II.

Coming to more recent times it is apparent that the immediate root of the present unrest must be looked for in the so-called Celtic Revival. In the beginning this literary movement was not concerned with politics at all. Poets and dreamers, as a rule, make poor politicians. The country they truly love is that land where in Emerson's phrase "the swine's snout of sensuality" never intrudes. No one can in fairness charge W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, Douglass Hyde or Lady Gregory with being politicians. What they sought

to do was "to put a soul under the ribs of death." Their quarrel, broadly stated, was with the intolerable conditions of contemporary Irish life—its pettiness, its sordidness, its materialism. They saw, or thought they saw, a chance to revive the national soul of a people that was fast drifting into hopelessness and despair. The method they consistently followed in their art was to place in a new fresh light the ancient glories of the race; and the vehicle they made use of was, in the main, the Drama; supplemented from time to time, in the domain of pure prose, by a sort of historical, sentimental essay. Their world was entirely green. One might read Yeats and not know that a modern world existed. He constantly refers to Emain and ignores the existence of every modern city. Lady Gregory does once mention the name of Boston, but we cannot recall a single reference to contemporary events in the case of this group. The concentration upon a single theme is almost devout; but after a while one finds oneself wishing that Oisín and Aengus and Finn and all the rest of the mythical heroes would go off on a second *Odyssey* and never come back. The title of one of Lady Gregory's first books, "Gods and Fighting Men," sufficiently explains the object sought.

There is, in the old Irish language, a vast literature, principally in the form of ancient manuscripts, the majority of which have never been translated into English because of the cost of printing (many are of incredible length) and the limited demand for such treasure-trove on the part of the public. (The public is a beast, of course—Every author knows that—Nevertheless it likes its hay comparatively fresh.) The library of Louvain was particularly rich in this sort of material; but it was suddenly superseded by a higher form of *Kultur*. Still, scattered all over the world, but, particularly, in the British Museum, the Bibliothek at Paris, the Bodleian at Oxford, and, of course, Dublin University there are hundreds upon hundreds of manuscripts known only to a few scholars, of whom Prof. Kuno Meyer may be cited as an example. German philologists have always been particularly interested in this particular field.

Now these manuscripts constitute a hoard analogous to the precious relics of classical antiquity which were so eagerly sought for in the days of Petrarch and the great literary popes. On a small scale what took place in Europe in respect of the recovered manuscripts of Greece and Rome was repeated in Ireland by a singularly gifted band of young enthusiasts. Not content with throwing into a modern and highly dramatic form the ancient Sagas (the great bulk of which are intolerably rhetorical and bombastic), an attempt was made to revive the ancient language and cause it once more to live as the common speech of the peasantry. Grammars were printed; schools were opened; signs in both languages were put up all over the country, and, in short, a "movement" started. The Sinn Féin keeps up the pathetic farce and endeavors

to conduct its Parliament in the ancient tongue. It is simply bound to fail and for this reason: the rest of the world will not bother to learn Irish and can never be brought to take the slightest interest in it. It is truly a dead, or, at any rate, a rapidly dying tongue. The time wasted in acquiring it would be much better employed in learning French or Spanish or that much neglected language—English.

It must be admitted, however, that, in making an appeal to the past glories of the race through a revival of the ancient legends, these young visionaries opened up a long-neglected vein and achieved a result truly surprising. Their words went throughout all the land, and have been heard at the ends of the world. Drama in all its forms suddenly became a passion. At the opening of the century almost every town could boast of a local dramatist. No matter who the poet or what the name of the drama but one figure dominates—the beautiful, sorrowful, tragic figure of Eire. She is now Cathleen-Ni-Hoolihan (as in Mr. Yeats' poignant little tragedy of that name) or the Granuaile or Isolde of immortal legend. Always she is a young Queen full of sorceries whose last kiss is on the breaking edge of a passion which sweeps forward with irresistible might into a vague world of pagan mystery and darkness. Of Christian hope there is hardly a gleam. To pick up Yeats and read is to gather, so far as one can gather anything substantial, that the Almighty's purpose in the creation of this world is to perfect sorrow. Every page is a lament, a wail almost. There is an almost vexing repetition of the words silence, sorrow, weary, fret, bitter, Hell, desolate, mist, darkness and so on. This is not healthy, and one may doubt if it be true art; but it fits in most perfectly with that mood of permanent melancholy which seems to be the basis of the imagination of every defeated and baffled race. The lyrics of Croatia and the Ukraine are all of this order. It has, perhaps, received its supreme expression in the pessimism of the great Russian realists and in the music of Chopin.

Mr. Yeats is a haunter of the land of sorrow. He seems to deliberately seek out and to dwell upon the hopeless enigmas of existence. His lovers are fierce, violent, savage—men and women alike. They culminate in a frenzy of possession; exhaust every extravagant mood of love and then are sundered by some malign fate and go wailing and bereft through the grey, bleak regions of perpetual regret. Only the memory of joy is left—a characteristic touch! Even his gods live in the past!

Genius of this order, say what you will, is morbid and perverse. In our modern life Mr. Yeats has no share. He would have a world made up of poets, warriors, alluring women; and of kings and queens modelled on Aoife "that fierce woman of the camp" and Conchobar. He is as aloof from real life as ever were Traherne and Crashaw. His view of the drama is characteristic "One table and two chairs; two

people and a passion." One thing is certain: we cannot charge him with Sinn Feinism, for he treats the whole modern world as simply non-existent. A confirmed crystal-gazer and a believer in dreams and portents (unless one be prepared to use that hateful word *poseur*), he must be placed in that exquisite world where genius never grows up; is never disillusionized; where passion is of beautiful words that sparkle like jewels and destiny a processional into a world corresponding to our wildest imaginings. It is true that he sings,

"Ah Exiles, wandering over many seas,
Spinning at all times Eire's good tomorrow!
Ah, world-wide Nation, always growing sorrow!
I also bear a bell branch full of ease.

A honeyed ringing: under the new skies
And men who loved the cause that never dies;

and that in Cathleen-Ni-Hoolihan in answer to Bridget's enquiry of Patrick, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" he puts into the lad's mouth these significant words: "I did not, but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a Queen"; but beyond vague and beautiful assurances of a good time coming there is nothing of the nature of political propaganda in any of his writings. To enjoy Yeats one must yield oneself to fantasy and let the world go. He has no curses for the Saxon; lives much in London, and, in a word, is an artist whose main interest in life in his own words is "To make of the theatre a theatre of speech; the speech of the countryside, the eloquence of poets, of rhythm, of style, of proud, living, unwasted words." Yet he started the Celtic Revival, and what began as a purely literary adventure has flared out into a devastating hurricane of fire and blood.

Closely associated with Mr. Yeats in the movement is Lady Gregory—a Protestant also and a member of a fine old county family. Coole, where she lives, is one of the most beautiful small estates in Ireland and noted for its "Seven Woods." Yeats celebrates it in a lovely fantasy addressed to the chatelaine which is prefixed to his mystical drama, "The Shadowy Waters." But the other members of this interesting group we shall consider in our next number.

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS

BY JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

There are some of us left, thank God, who sigh
In open spaces to be;
Who would sooner hear a curlew's cry
Than man-made melody.

There are some of us left who, when April comes,
Feel the hair rise on our pates;
Who thrill when the mottled partridge drums,
And chum it with the fates.

There are some of us left who launch canoe
With a red man for a guide;
Who camp 'neath the deep pellucid blue
With Freedom by his side.

There are some of us left to whom click of reel
Is a madness, an ecstasy;
Who steal as the dryad used to steal
Through the woods of mystery.

There are some of us left who, when light is wan,
Stand trembling, with voiceless lips;
Who bow with hushed soul to the Lord of Dawn—
God's red apocalypse.

CRISPS

During periods of cloud-burst, when rivers are engorged with silt and overflow their banks, chips, straws, and *débris* of all kinds float on the surface. It is the same with the human as with the natural river. When the roily waters of anarchy subside, these mad theories that now float on the surface will pass out to sea, and we shall be able to go ahead in safety and avoid the shoals, because the waters will be clear, as of old.

To have written *magnum* for *magna* at such a sad, arid time as this, no doubt evoked a sympathetic smile. *Pater* for *Patria* was, of course, a slip of the pen. We have not forgotten Maine!

The Onlooker must grow by what biologists know as "fission," i.e., each subscriber must split into two. One worthy gentleman picked up a casual copy, and immediately became *five*!

There is one outstanding fact which, in the end, will bring all the mad theorists to their senses—the financial situation confronting all nations. Let the nation be confronted with bankruptcy and the whole cargo of lies and false promises will be speedily thrown overboard. Jonah returned to Nineveh a sadder and a wiser man.

COMPLETE SET
Canadian Monthly

13 Volumes from 1872-1878

CONTINUED AS

Rose-Belford Magazine

8 Volumes from 1878-1882

Making a full set of 21 volumes (7" x 10") well bound in half Morocco.
Contains articles by Goldwin Smith and other eminent writers.

The price of this set is \$100.00.



The Hunter-Rose Company, Limited

12-14 Sheppard Street, Toronto

There is but one interest of any real importance at the present time—the good of Canada as a whole.

To array what is vaguely called “The People” against what is still more vaguely designated “The Big Interests,” is not a mark of statesmanship, but of reckless demagogism.

THE ONLOOKER

A Monthly Review of Current Events—Canadian and General

“The Onlooker” is published every month at 14 Sheppard St., Toronto. by the Onlooker Publishing Company.

Single copies 20 cents. Subscription two dollars (\$2.00) per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.

BOOKS WORTH READING AND GIVING

The Heart of Cherry McBain

By Douglas Durkin

This is a romance of Canada's West, not the west of the mines or the ranches or the big timbers, but of the nation's frontiers where men and women meet and work and nurse new hopes in virgin valleys and fertile plains.

Cloth, \$1.50 net.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead

Mr. Stead's story of a young ambitious cow puncher who becomes a rich man and finally goes to war, is one of the most wholesome books of recent Canadian fiction.

Cloth, \$1.50 net.

The Homesteaders

By Robert J. C. Stead

A breezy glimpse of life on the Canadian prairies. Apart from interest in the story, the delineation of characters, and clear views of their everyday life give this book an especial charm.

Cloth, 85c

Bob and Bill See Canada

By Alfred E. Uren

An illustrated travel story written for young Canada. Written in an unusually interesting, entertaining and instructive manner, in smoothly flowing rhymes that tell of the leading features and charms of our country from coast to coast. Those that read it will have a better conception of Canada and things Canadian.

15 illustrations. Cloth, \$1.25.

Kitchener and other Poems

By Robert J. C. Stead

Mr. Stead sings of the West, her prairies, her patriotism, her rugged people and her prevailing optimism. The title poem is a gem of the first water, while those entitled, "He sleeps in Flanders," and "Why Don't They Cheer?" are exquisite and true expressions of the spirit of the times.

Cloth, \$1.00 net.

Leather, boxed, \$2.50

An important feature about all the books listed on this page, is that each one of them is a

MUSSON
ALL CANADIAN PRODUCTION

A guarantee that each book is of sufficient merit to manufacture a large edition in Canada.

The Birds of Peasemarsch

By E. L. Marsh

Pure pleasure awaits the reader and bird lover who takes up this book, for the sketches of Canadian birds and Canadian bird life are so delightfully presented by the writer.

Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.60 net.

Leaders of the Canadian Church

By Wm. Bertal Heeney

A book of value, historically as well as personally. When it is seen that the title page contains such names as Bishop Inglis, Bishop Medley, Bishops Bond, Baldwin and Carmichael, it will be unnecessary to state that many who are not essentially church people will be interested for these are names to conjure with, and they were men who would have left an indelible stamp on history, no matter what path they had chosen.

Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.50.

Flint and Feather

By E. Pauline Johnson

Miss Johnson's legacy of verse will be treasured for generations to come for its individuality, its virility, and for its complete expression of love for the redmen and their free life, and grandeur of Canadian scenery, and for various noble elements in our early civilization.

Cloth, \$2.00.

The Canadian Lake Region

By Dr. Wilfred Campbell

The continuous chain of superb lakes and noble waterways of Canada are unequalled anywhere in the world for their beauty, history, romance and mystery.

Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED, Publishers, TORONTO

